FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

Volume XXV, Number 6, December 1974

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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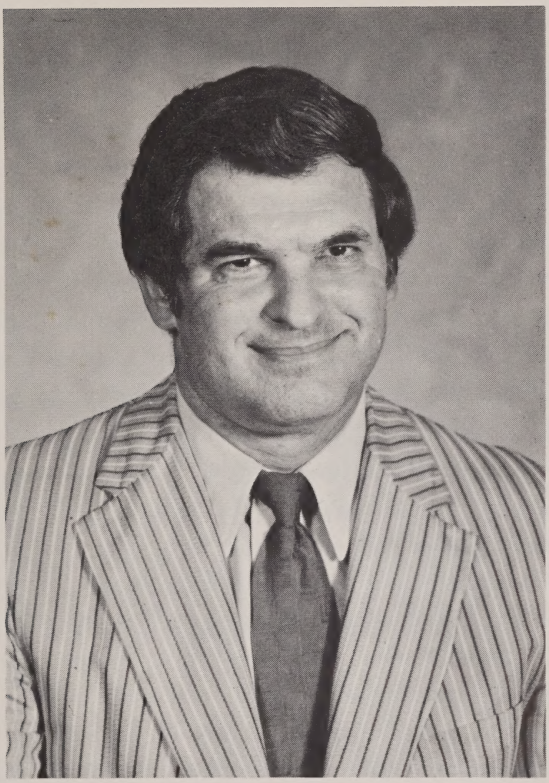


The Fellowship's new president. . .

REUBEN L. MUSEY

THE Board of Trustees, voting by circulation ballot, has unanimously elected Reuben L. Musey, of Hagerstown, Md., president of Fellowship in Prayer, Inc. He is the third president, succeeding William Hung and Peter V. K. Funk.

Since he was ten years old, Reuben has been writing to express his views, observations, and insights on the subject of people whose lives he particularly admires.

Today, approaching a half-century of life, he finds continuous satisfaction in the fields of history and music. As a re-

sult of his intensive reading and writing, he has brought to his readers—and to his listeners in the many groups he is invited to address—revealing and pleasing stories of the lives of others. These have ranged from Beethoven to Babe Ruth. One of his essays, "What Made America Great?," brought him the George Washington Medal Award from Freedoms Foundation. A speech, "Lest We Forget," a tribute to the men of all wars, brought him a second award from the Valley Forge-based foundation.

To Reuben life is a constant opportunity to do good for someone else. In his home community of Hagerstown, he is well known not only for his free-lance writing but also for his frequent appearances before civic and youth organizations. He speaks to these audiences on the significance of patriotism. "We have the God-given heritage of freedom," he says, "and we should hold it beyond any price—dearer than our lives."

Such a conviction grew out of his early years of home and church training. Born in the village of Rouzerville in south central Pennsylvania close to the Maryland state line, he grew up in Waynesboro. There he graduated from high school and then was called to military service in World War II. "Faith in God and faith in the leaders of our country," he says, "brought me through the fighting in Europe." One of his choice memories is the introduction once given him by a former teacher of his: "I present to you a man with three hearts—two purple ones for service to his country in wartime, and a God-given one open to doing good for his fellowmen."

Reuben is Purchasing Agent for Hagerstown Junior College, where he also serves as president of the alumni association. He received his certificate in business management at the University of Wisconsin.

His stories and articles have appeared in national magazines, including the Henry F. Hendricks publications *Sunshine* and *Good Reading*, the *Ruritan National*, and *Cracker Barrel*, a magazine that takes its readers "down memory lane." He also has contributed to newspapers in the tri-state area.

He is civic-minded and active in his church choir, council, and Sunday school teaching. He is secretary of the Pinesburg Ruritan Club, a member of the Washington County Historic Preser-

vation, the Maryland Historic Trust, and the Washington County Bi-Centennial. He recently co-authored a book, *The Washington County Court House Story*, and is currently writing a series of articles in connection with the two-hundredth observance of the nation's independence.

It is easy to know Reuben from these comments:

His greatest inspiration: "My wife's kind and lifting words."

Favorite delight: "Entertaining—the welcome mat is always out at our home."

Greatest ambition: "To live each day to the fullest."

Dream for the future: "To be able to write messages of faith and hope, stressing love of God and love of country to the end."

Guideline: "These words of Arthur James Balfour: 'The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.' "

TWO LITTLE PRAYERS *Albert Jacobsen*

Albert Jacobsen

Almighty God, take pity on my soul,
My failings and my aches tear me apart.
Persistent cruel misfortune takes its toll,
It rends my peace of mind and breaks my heart.

*

Dear God, please give us faith and strength to face
Calamities and illnesses and pain.
O, to deserve Your Presence and Your Grace,
To know our prayers have not all been in vain!

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS by Reuben L. Musey

A LOOK BACKWARD. . . AN AIM FORWARD

A look backward. . . an aim forward! This is the theme as Fellowship in Prayer prepares for its silver anniversary.

The past is prologue. . . the future is on the horizon. . . .

Twenty-five years is not a long time, yet Fellowship in Prayer is that old. In a quarter of a century of publication, religious ideals have flourished.

A look backward. . . .

Looking back in time, Carl Allison Evans, founder of the bi-monthly publication, in the spring of 1949—before leaving the United Board for Christian Colleges in China—the idea of Fellowship in Prayer had already taken shape in his mind.

Although conferences with religious bodies to find a sponsor for his "dream" of a world-wide call to prayer were encouraging, no sponsors accepted his proposal. A challenge to President of the United States, Harry S. Truman, from Ferris Booth, a retired financier, to use the resources of Almighty God in the solution of international complications, prompted the decision that Mr. Evans should initiate Fellowship in Prayer with the motto: "For a World United in Prayer."

Turning to the power of the press, on December 12 of that year he stated in an advertisement in *The New York Times:* "The real strength and power of religion can only be exerted through invoking the presence of God in our lives and praying earnestly for the realization of the Fatherhood of Man toward the consummation of a better understanding of international and human relations."

He further commented: "A believer in any faith can do this, as prayer is the means of communication with God in all of the religions of the world. Prayer for good by believers in God, can overcome the oppressors and put to flight the foes of righteousness."

Congratulatory messages from the advertisement reached the office of the Fellowship. A prominent university woman wrote that reading an article by Mary Hornaday about the beliefs and

ideals of Mr. Evans, which was published in *The Christian Science Monitor*, "changed the course of my life."

On June 5, 1950, the Fellowship was incorporated.

Until his death in 1956, at the age of seventy-six, Mr. Evans carried the torch and gave to the Fellowship and its readers the example of his own prayerful life, passing it on to Kathryn G. Brown, Executive Secretary.

The years following his death have been fruitful. As one door closed for the Fellowship, another one opened. Through the patronage, loyal support, contributions of money, time, and energy but above all the faith of each and every reader, the Fellowship has continued: "To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

An aim forward. . . .

For the future, as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the incorporation dawns, as we look over the horizon may we see the brightness of the torch—radiating to people everywhere the motto: "For a World United in Prayer."

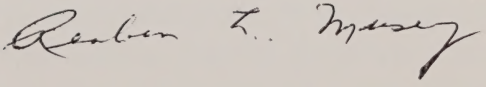
December is the month when we remember the greatest gift to all eternity—the birth of the Christ Child.

The Wise Men brought their gifts to herald the birth of the "King of Kings."

As we prepare our gift-list for family, relatives, and friends, why not include a subscription to Fellowship in Prayer?

Wouldn't it be a rich reward if each member added as many new members to the Fellowship at Christmas as possible— then made a goal during the coming year—the silver anniversary year —to complete a total of twenty-five new members to the Fellowship?

By doing this, we know that faith is the spirit which makes life worth living, and through belief in God and His direction all "dreams" are possible.



EDITORIAL

THE JOY OF THE WORLD

JOY is no longer a word commonly used on either side of Christmas Day. When it is used, it's usually in connection with a wedding, a big success, or an unexpected windfall such as winning the lottery. We have all seen it on television—the exultation of someone over something scarcely hoped for. We are likely to snicker at the feeling expressed and relegate it to the fortunes of people different from ourselves. Joy does not seem to be among our expectations nowadays.

We use it for people in love, believing it's what they must be feeling even though as we congratulate them and wish them the best, we probably feel very little other than a touch of nostalgia. And we use it while we congratulate the winners although we probably feel nothing toward them really except that we could be winners, too, if we had cared that much, worked that hard, and happened to be struck by lightning also. . . And I wonder just how much joy we experience on Christmas Day, when we expect to entertain such a novel feeling, and how much it is some other human experience—pleasure in reunion with loved ones, pleasure in the festivities of the day, pleasure in remembering pleasures long past. . . .

My own experience of joy is that it is not just pleasure. If it were, the most important events of our lives would be parties. . . . For me it is something quiet, unlike most pleasures, something that has very little in it of the exuberant, let alone of the triumphant, which is another matter entirely. To me it resembles nothing so much as a steadily-burning jet of flame—a jet of meaningfulness and awareness of meaningfulness and contentment in that meaningfulness. It burns throughout the most routine days. It's like a cat's day-long purr. Also, it resembles energy, mysteriously potent. Equipped with it, I am able to accomplish many jobs that look too difficult or tiresome to be done, I can cope with people also difficult, I am able to endure disquietudes and discomforts with long-suffering cheer that is not my native disposition. . . . I enjoyed this sense of joy when I was a boy, lost it with the onset of what we call adulthood, and have recovered it

(Continued on page 34)

THE CRADLE OF OUR KING

Dennis Barry Carroll

IN OBEDIENCE to the order of Herod, Joseph and Mary made ready immediately for the journey to Bethlehem.

The journey was completed without special incident. But upon reaching the ancient place of David, Mary and her husband found a large throng had preceded them. All had been brought by the edict of Augustus Caesar, and every one of the public lodging places in the town of three thousand inhabitants was occupied.

What? No place to house the royal mother? No couch in which to lay the king of the earth? No lords of state awaiting in an antechamber? No messengers mounted at the doorway ready to herald the advent from city to city? No medical skill in attendance? No satin-lined cradle to receive the infant guest?

No, none.

But humans must be sheltered. Some place must be found. If not among the lords, then among the lowly. If not among the lowly, then let it be among the beasts, for these poor creatures will not refuse to share their quarters even though they stand in narrow stalls and feed at the hands of those who begrudgingly give small allowances of food while taxing them to the limit of endurance.

So Mary and Joseph are forced to seek shelter among the beasts, to accept the discomforts of a stable even at a time the most critical. And in a stable among the cows, the asses, and the camels, while the air outside was disturbed by the vexed cries of muleteers, hostlers, and camel-drivers, Mary bowed herself and was delivered of her first-born, the joint-heir of God, the arch-king, a monarch upon whom the night pointed her bediamonded finger, while the door of heaven set wide open to give the angels sight of Him, and the orchestral batons of light waved oratorios of the Messiah across the sky.

But while heaven was all aglow with joy, the Son of God was not yet raised from the straw in the manger where his mother had laid him, covered with coarse linen; nor was the poor mother

yet ministered to in her many needs. For her there was neither comfort nor privacy. A better-adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie; hath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon the straw; the first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse.

One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's estate in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable.

No.

It was one leap from the top to the bottom!

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers.

What, O Mary, no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which is brought in the sack on the journey."

Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it.

Look! Look! Uncover your head! Let us kneel! Let all voices be hushed!

Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day, monarch of eternity!

Hosanna! Hosanna!

Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to heaven!

Ring out the news! Angels proclaim the story!

From the cradle of our king tell to all the world: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for today is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord!"

Believing is one thing, doing another. Many talk like the sea but their lives are stagnant marshes. Others raise their heads above the mountaintops, while their souls cling to the dark walls of caves.

—*Gibran*

THE MAGNITUDE OF CHRISTMAS

Ann D. Franklin

THERE is a magnitude to Christmas that seemingly affects all. Along with the tinsel, holly, and bright colored lights, there is the magnificence ot people, as evidenced by their desire to please through giving—not only of gifts, but of self, through kindness and goodwill.

Despite the busyness of the season with its rushing about, warmth and friendliness readily predominate, touching everyone. Stranger smiles at stranger, and will in all probability exchange a word or two of pleasantness that they would not utter during the main part of the year.

Christmas—beautifully—turns thoughts from self to others, resulting in the sending of greeting-cards, telephone calls, neighborly get-togetherness, and gift-giving, all adding up to people caring for people.

But, most important, Christmas is a time for spiritual renewal. Being the birthday of our Savior, the Prince of Peace, it is a time to think of the One who paved a path for all mankind in the form of love and kindness.

Yes, along with the tinsel, holly, and lights, glows that magnificent spirit of man, who for the length of a holiday, does become Christlike, as evidenced by his love and goodwill toward others.

NEW ETERNITIES *Jaye Giammarino*

Reconciled
to my time of winter,
I find warmth
in the shaft of sunlight
pouring down through the leafless
branches of the tree.

Snowflakes falling
on the tiniest creche
the summer hay

THE TINIEST CRECHE

Marion J. Richardson

GRANDFATHER had finished constructing the doll-house for his granddaughter—his Christmas gift for her. But something bothered him. It did not seem complete.

All of a sudden it came to him: it lacked representation of the Christ Child—the true meaning of Christmas. So while Grandmother and the others furnished the kitchen, dining room, living room and bedrooms with miniature furniture and houseware, Grandfather set about constructing a small stable.

In one corner he placed some real straw in a tiny manger. As the miniature wooden oxen, goats and sheep looked on in awe, he placed upon the straw a beautiful replica of the Christ Child wrapped in swaddling clothes. Mary looked tenderly upon her newborn son and Joseph stood near. From the ceiling papier-mache angels hovered, shepherds watched, and wise men presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Grandfather placed both the house and the stable on one platform so that it could be easily lifted from one place to another. He put artificial grass around them and sprinkled artificial snow on it and the rooftops.

Granddaughter was so excited when she saw the beautiful work Grandfather had done. She hugged and kissed him with such love and gratitude that it made his Christmas one of great joy and happiness. Her little friends and even all the grown-ups were just as excited as she to see this glorious gift—the tiniest creche—symbolizing the true meaning of Christmas.

Love, like death, changes everything. —*Gibran*

TOUCH OF STARS

Emily Sargent Councilman

The starlight covers earth tonight,
As once came shining splendor of the Lord
To fall upon the shepherds keeping watch,
When angels sang their glories
And heralded the Savior's birth.

The hush of starlight fills the world,
Reflecting yet the rays of one bright star
That pierced all barriers of time and space
And brought men wise in ancient arts
To find the Child and worship Him.

Starlight calms the waiting earth
As when it fell upon a lowly door,
And some look up in love and enter in
Where men meet Holy God in man
And worship Him in brotherhood.

I would receive His touch of stars,
Learn to live His will, reflect His light,
Knowing He would reach all human-kind
With God-appointed hands, knowing
He dissolves earth's wall of night.

EACH DAY IS BLESSED

Leonard J. Guardino

A sure way to be happy,
A scheme that never misses,
is being good to others—
long before comes Christmas.

THREE POEMS

Barbara King Sheller

1 / Red Passover Moon

Blood of the Paschal Lamb
has stained the anemic moon,
lest the Angel of Death
unsheath his sword of atoms,
pass between the doorposts
of a trembling Earth.

2 / Seder

In an ancient silver wine-cup
and the dry, unleavened bread
of generations,
I watch a burning beauty
bless every face with humbleness,
transfigure lips with pride
"Because we were slaves in the
land of Egypt"
and "this night is different from
all other nights."

3 / Not Hearing "Kol Nidre"

I did not see, tonight,
words pouring into, splashing over
open faces, open flowers;
receive, myself enchanted,
absolution in a sound.

Empty, empty was this night
of one full-throated prayer.
Still hangs a thread. . . slender,
attuned to the thunder
of our ancient God.

"LITTLE NAMELESS ACTS OF LOVE"

Catherine Cabeen Houck

NO FARMER ever got his field plowed by turning it over in his mind. Yet we go on day after day attempting to achieve some similarly magical result. An idea is presented and we catch a glimpse of its potential power but rather than do something about it right then and there we avoid it. We promise to "think it over," to "toss it around awhile," to "sit on it." But when we get to it, if we ever do, it has lost its appeal.

Many of us are deeply concerned with problems facing our nation and those less fortunate than ourselves. We want to help not only as a Christian duty but also because of a sincere human compassion. We wish to feed the whole world but we can't do it just by going without a second helping. We wish to bring about world peace but we can't accomplish this by closing our eyes to the atrocities of war. We are not selfish. All around us there is a willingness to share. Although the concern is genuine, we are not at all prepared to get the results we desire.

There are many organizations better able and better equipped to handle food problems, housing needs, health methods, and so on, and we would do well to channel our sympathies through these.

But we, too, want to have a personal part. We feel closer if we see some alleviation.

"To take in the stranger and to visit the sick" can be done individually. In every community there are many lonely, friendless people. One little visit from someone who cares make the difference between sadness and joy. One neighborly greeting brightens the day. We can never know what a banquet a meal shared with us might seem to someone starved for companionship as well as for food.

Do you ever catch yourself thinking, "I wish I didn't have to cook today, I wish we were going to eat out"? If so, rethink the idea, leaving out a few words and think: "I wish I could cook today, I wish we were going to eat."

REALITY — ALL TRUTH

Ruby Phillipy

What is reality?
Your reality may be different than my reality.
Reality is tasting, hearing, seeing, and feeling.
Reality is ugliness, or it is beauty.
It is cold, or it is warmth.
It is war, or it is peace.
It is hate, or it is love.
It is God related to man,
and it is man related to his brother.
Reality is all truth.

PRAYER POWER PLUS PEOPLE POWER

Florence B. Unangst

THAT prayer does help any given situation is an undisputed fact. It does take a little understanding to acknowledge that all pleas or prayers can be answered in the negative or the positive. However, it does seem a bit wishy-washy to pray for a neighbor to have food magically produced when the simple spending of a dollar or two would provide the needed bread and milk. If we acknowledge that God is Spirit, then we must also acknowledge that we can be His hands, do His will, and help His children. . . our fellowmen.

Too many bewail the fact that they have not won a lottery, inherited a fortune, or struck it rich on Wall Street so they can help their fellowman. One can help one's fellowman by little acts of kindness, little deeds of sharing. Are we going to become a people who talk brotherhood and live selfishly? Let our deeds speak. . . .

PRAYER FOR OUR PRESIDENT—GERALD B. FORD

Carla Patsuris

HEAVENLY FATHER
May the name of America in his heart
Quicken him for tomorrow's pilgrimage
Of ideals noble, wide
And steadfast as the stars.
May he, with valor, maintain balance
Through valleys and on high.
Send a Voice to companion him safely...
Safely past hideous, hulking despair,
Then, embodied by Thy Limitless Light,
Let his works ripen outward-bound.
O SAVIOR
The Purpose of America has need
For a President such as this again.
Amen and Amen.

CONSIDER EACH STEP

Anona McConaghy

Feet once lay curled in a manger of hay
While shepherds and kings knelt together to pray,
Boy feet, fast growing, busy and free
Yet never straying from their destiny;
Strong feet, unfailing, divine spirit led,
Walking with humble men, sharing their bread;
Bathed by a woman's hands in tender care,
Lovingly dried with a cloud of her hair.
Feet, weary and sorrowed, stone-bruised and stained
Stumbled the road to a fate pre-ordained.
This let me remember, and for His sake
Carefully consider each step I take.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS CHILD

Max S. Barker

I
cling
to your tiny fist
and pray
for love.
I
abhor
the thought of brutal
war.
I
kneel
before your crib
and pray
for peace.

GOD'S GIFTS

Mary Margaret Comis

Love is the gift of our Savior—
The warmth of His Spirit is there,
Bringing joy to all that it touches,
And comfort in answer to prayer.

Man is never alone in the darkness,
Wherever his steps may roam.
God brightens the path for His children,
To lead them safely home.

A CELEBRATION OF LOVE

Emma S. McLaughlin

IT WAS A night of sounds—strange sounds—sounds I had never before heard. There was the gruff but kindly voice of a man, and the weary, gentle reply of a woman. There was the rustle of straw being strewn upon the floor, and the whisper of a blanket spread over it. I heard the restless movement of bodies seeking comfort on the makeshift bed, trying to fit aching muscles into the uneven surface of the hoof-pocked earthen floor.

There were hurtful sounds too, that set me trembling with dread: moans, suppressed cries of pain—and then, after what seemed a long, long time, there was a sudden loud mewing wail, followed by silence—a silence broken only by the snuffling and stomping of the animals.

I curled myself into a ball, warming my cold nose with my tail, and slept. The day had not been a peaceful one for me; *no* day was *ever* peaceful. Even in dreams I ran with fear. It was my constant companion, arriving with the first ray of the morning sun and stalking me through every waking hour. You might think that evening and darkness would bring a respite, but at such times I was pinned beneath the threatening shadow of dark wings. I was safe *only* when hiding in the little hole back of the manger.

This day, of all days, had tried my patience. There had been so *many* people. I had never *seen* so many people. Each time I made my little forages across the road in search of grain, my very life was in jeopardy. I dodged and darted between the feet of donkeys and camels. The movement of man and animals threatened, at times, to crush me, and once I was almost run down by a flock of sheep, baaing and rushing blindly to nowhere. Silly things, sheep! Not a singleminded thought among the lot of them! If life must end, I would hope for the swift-prancing hoof of some splendid animal—say a horse like those ridden by the centurions of Rome. How demeaning to be smothered under a wave of mindless sheep, or to die in the needle clutches of the stable cat, or the talons of a plummeting bird of prey.

My dreams were disturbed by the thought of the cat. She always seemed to wait just a short distance from my snug little nest; she even seemed to smile as she waited, flicking her pink tongue across whiskers quivering with anticipation. I never knew why she tormented me so, taking such a keen delight in it. I think she hated all my kind—the little and the meek—but I had found a way to live with her hate *and* my fear, for I had early learned to outwit her. Still the threat was ever present.

I awoke with a start, instantly alert, ears spreading fan-like in the darkness. Someone had entered the stable and soon others followed. They brought with them the cold, damp air of the night and the hills, the odors of leather and oil and wool. My nose twitched, separating one from the other. I knew, at last, they were shepherds—shepherds from the hills of Bethlehem—and they had left their flocks. But why?

Every nerve quivered as I listened to the excitement of their voices. There had been a vision, one said. The heavens were rolled back, declared another. There had been a great light —a blinding white radiance—and singing angels. The man and woman listened quietly. The animals listened.

I wondered about angels. *I* had never seen an angel. I had just this night heard the word. The woman spoke it to her husband just before I feel asleep. Peace. One shepherd said the angels sang of peace. How could such things be so? How could the earth know peace when there were always cats? And birds with darkling wings?

I wanted to know the answer and so I crept noiselessly to a spot where I could see the whole of the stable. The shepherds were kneeling now, kneeling close to the manger, and there was something in their faces new to the faces of men. The rough cave seemed to glow with the light of the stars. I forgot all fears and moved closer, drawn by a nameless joy.

The mother's face received and gave back the starlight. The peace of the angels had come, like a dove, and nested in her eyes. I moved closer, until I was crouching by the foot of one who stood beside her. He made no move to kick me away; instead, he smiled.

(Continued on page 33)

CHRIST IN GLORY

Joy Bergman

Christ came to break up Morality, to break up pietistic practices. To make men free in an image quite unknown to them.

Therefore, when they find themselves in his Love, they are astonished, and confronted in such depth of passion, and life. It is quite beyond their meager frame of reference.

It is a field unbounded by stone walls, there are no fences, Everything verges into the Sun, in to Love, into Light, into something so fantastically beautiful, it is overpowering.

Instead of being controlled over their lives, God comes to possess them, taking them to Himself, with an intense life that is beyond all thought.

It takes great courage to proceed; for first one must climb a mountain covered with ice, where there are no toeholds, where there is nothing to hang onto, and climb onto this mountain without the light of either the sun or the moon. In darkness Trembling in darkness we go up and towards Him.

Then, after a time, we reach the top of the mountain, and Everything is suddenly connected, everything sings, trees blossom, flowers pop out of green that we thought were long dead.

Double rainbows return to the earth, and we come out Alive, and Singing, in a re-birth tasting new things, Loving others in a different way, and one can only say Hurrah!

True prayer is receptive, cooperative, confident, and submissive. Every true prayer is answered. —Grenville Kleiser

IS YOUR FAITH LIKE AN ELEVATOR?

Zelma S. Dennis

IT IS POSSIBLE to find inspiration in some of the most mundane and commonplace happenings. During the period of time when I was visiting my daughter every day at the hospital, where she was recovering from open-heart surgery, I had to take the elevator many times to reach the floor where she was confined. The trips up and down several times each day could have been very monotonous. However, I observed the various people who went up and down with me, and watched their faces and attitudes. It was possible to read in their eyes, in the set of their mouths, and even in their bodies the condition of the thoughts that filled their minds.

Quite often the same individuals and I rode together. Going up, I saw their tense anticipation of how they were going to find their loved ones. Going down, I saw the relief, the lift of the shoulders or the smile on the face. . . or the opposite haunting look of fear. I, too, went through a gamut of emotions. There were days when my daughter was not doing as well as I expected.

I developed the habit of reading inspirational booklets and holding special prayer thoughts on my way on the bus to the hospital. When I arrived, my thoughts would hold a more positive tone. And I tried to keep them positive as I entered the elevator and pressed the button to go up. Somehow the atmosphere of a hospital has a tendency to color one's thoughts. I began to think: what kind of faith have I? Just press the button marked "up" in my brain, and hope will go soaring heavenward. Press the "down" button, and hope will fall to the basement of despair. . . . I decided this was not what I wanted. To help my daughter I needed to keep my faith and hope balancing steadfastly on the presence of the living Christ, knowing this source of health and strength is always there.

Because we are human and the return to earth-level does happen often in our lives, we must stabilize our descent to maintain the spiritual lift that we have known. Going down need not be to despair but can be relief and assurance that our loved one is still held in the eternal source of God's perfect love. I tried

this method of thinking each day and found that I could help my daughter much more.

Now, when I press a button either up or down, I remain inwardly level. The elevator of life can proceed either way but my faith will remain constant. I know that outer circumstances up or down cannot alter the inner stability of absolute trust in the healing presence of God.

PRISTINE LOVE

Marion H. Freeman

Love touches lightly
and early
the soul of a child

lying against
a warm breast
to be nurtured

Sounds of a soft
voice the caress
of a gentle hand

warm love from
the heart
gives strength

to a child
all of his
life

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life. —Grenville Kleiser

NANTUCKET CARILLON

Elizabeth Twyeffort

IT WAS DUSK as I strolled across my lawn. Because of billows of fog, a sense of softness saturated the atmosphere, cool, damp and refreshing. It clung to my rosa rogosa hedge and its red fruit, and coated the dry spikes of field grasses and berry bushes. It muted the scratchy, staccato sounds of crickets and those of the distant tide scooping up beach pebbles and shells and drawing them back with a sigh into the sea.

Fog dimmed the disc of the sun hanging like a flat pale moon close to the tops of a nearby grove of pines.

Suddenly, floating over the fog, and like it permeating the atmosphere, rang out the clear tones of the carillon below my hill. Phrases of a long-forgotten hymn began to form in my mind, and as each bar rolled forth, all-encompassing in its melodiousness, I sensed that I had risen above past fears and agony of spirit. I knew summation of pure happiness, and in that precious moment I lived one joyous interval in time. . . .

PROMISE

Judy Delton

Be always a dreamer
Wish on a star
Winter's last snow
Is where daffodils are

Keep dreaming dreams
Reach for the moon
The dead wood of March
Will blossom in June

THE MESSENGER WHO WAS AN ARISTOCRAT

Arthur W. Muller

MADISON Avenue is the hub of ambitious art directors who wield their artistic wands to create the nation's advertising media. They are assisted by an advisory board of editors and entrepreneurs so engrossed in worldly pursuits that it is a rare phenomenon to find a spark of humility among them. . . . But in that maelstrom of efficiency, I had the pleasure of getting acquainted with a humble young messenger. Henry was one of the workers on another floor of the building where I was employed by a large publishing house.

He was about twenty-five years of age and possessed a wonderful personality. His view of life was revealed in his smiling countenance and his cheerful words of greeting to all. I had the opportunity of chatting with him quite often, and our discussions included Plato's philosophy, and the teachings of Aquinas, Shakespeare's plays, and the writings of Emerson and Thoreau. Yet, despite his knowledge of these classic writers' works and a remarkable comprehension of the doctrines of the Bible, this young man never once displayed a superior attitude. To me he was always humble Henry.

One time I complimented him on his happiness and contentment in his work. I told him I hoped he would be a great success in the business world. Whereupon he confided to me that he loved his simple job of doing delivery out-of-doors and enjoyed the associations he had with people during his daily travels around the city. As to his future, he admitted, he had not made any plans.

I have not seen Henry now for five years. After this lapse, I often think of our meetings and wonder about his present status in life. If he has not attained a high position in the business world, it is because he chose to deliver his gifts of love and faith to his fellow men in his own humble way.

When a man has the faith that is superb, the love that is universal, and the humility that is unexcelled, that man has gained

an important title—that of aristocrat. In the eyes of God and his neighbors, he has earned his honors on his own merits. That is the way in which I will always think of Henry.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Lillian Hammer

Floating snowflakes, dancing on
the trees —
And sparkling like happy eyes on
Christmas night. . . .
In each window, a glow.
A Christmas spirit is hanging from
the sky. . . .

Small cottages, like toys of
building blocks,
Spread out in the fields
and valleys;
From each tiny window, a glow
Of the Holy spirit is shining in
the dark. . . .

Oh Christmas night Christ descends
with outstretched hands. . . .
And brings His gifts to the little ones.
And blesses those that share their gifts
with others less fortunate—
On the Christmas holiday.

Men resemble the gods when doing good to their fellow creatures.
—Cicero

THE RURAL JOURNALIST

Estelle D. Broadrick

I love life,
the tiny star-lit fountain,
moonlight on a lake,
snow-crested mountain.

I love beauty,
Speckled quail in flight,
A pleasant meadow,
Guitars in the night.

I love God,
That was and ever shall exist–
Who loved life and beauty
And created all of this!

BESIDE THE POND, there is stillness and peace. Birds sing out now and then, but the curious silence is there, the silence of a spirit, that seems to interpenetrate sound. . . .

I walked under great old trees and admired the view of close-cropped pastures, the cattle lying in the valley, resting in the shade of wild flowers and foliage of bush and shrub.

The lavender of wild-thistle blooms and ox-eyed daisies looked gay, bowing gracefully before the soft winds. The wild roses clambering over a fence seemed aloof and still as if lost in ecstatic devotion.

A mockingbird sang suddenly from the top of the sycamore tree. A song of jubilation, as if he sensed my mood, the thankfulness in my heart, and sang my joy to me.

Today I visited a still-remote farm where I used to live. The L-shaped farmhouse is sadly in need of repair and is used to store hay now. There are few cars on the graveled road and there are no human sounds. It is one place where you can live today and still look out on no other houses. There are no telephone lines on the road, there is no rural mail delivery. I remember the long walks

to the crossroads to a neighbor's where we picked up our mail.

There once was a hillside gloomy with the thick growth of cedars, but the present owner had used a bulldozer to clear away much of the young timber to furnish more pasture for his cattle, I suppose.

Most of the days we lived there were happy days. We read the too-few books and magazines by the glow of kerosene lamps. We cooked and kept warm by wood fires. We had very little money and sometimes food was scarce, but we had wide fields and woods to roam, a stream to wade in, a hill to climb and to race down. We had a few chickens and once we kept a few ducks. We owned our first cow here, and named her Betty. Dad bought a Model-T which sometimes was very lazy about starting. The whole family had to push it uphill and then down to get it started. It would not always start on the first try. We would struggle to push it back to the top of the hill. Dad would climb in, we would give it another shove—and away he would go, out to the village of Cross Plains to paint a house or fix a roof to feed his hungry brood. . . . They were good days in spite of hardships, and they were happy days, for we did not ask much of life.

*

SING THE GLORIES

Richard Ward

Sing the glories of His name,
let the words flow like sweet wine.
Sing the glories of His fame,
remember Him when you dine.
Sing the glories of His aim,
a purpose so divine.

TRAVELLING WEST

Eleanor Ebersole

ONCE there was a little girl who knew only the daisies and the lilies of the field. The soft wind was her playmate, and her picture-books were the fine white clouds. She never knew what it was to stub her foot upon a stone, or to catch a finger on a briar.

The child lived in this land all her years. Though she knew there were other lands, she was not able to go. To go would be to leave behind the lovely daisies and the one lily, the most beautiful of all.

Finally, one day, she made the lily promise to remain just as she was while the little girl followed her wish to go as the clouds went, beyond the field, and beyond. The lily agreed, but asked her own promise of the girl.

"Return," she said. "Return each time within the day."

The agreements made, the girl began her travels. At first she travelled only east, and by noon she could see the clouds change, and the wind. With that, she turned back and was in the field again within the day.

In time, the child began her travels south, but each trip was short, for the clouds did not often go that way, and, by noon, the heat turned her back.

Much the same happened with her journeys north. When the clouds went that way, she followed, but only until the cold made her long for the meadow of flowers.

"Lovely lily," the girl said one day, "the clouds are travelling west. I shall follow them that way."

"Well," said the lily, "You have returned each day as I requested. I am sure you will this time, too. Go, but turn back by noon."

The girl agreed, and travelled west with the clouds. She travelled so long that she began to tire and wonder that the day remained so bright. The sun had not begun to slant. It stayed high, as the clouds passed by.

On and on the girl went, further than she knew, and beyond.

She came to the land of the water, and found a boat, and travelled on. Beyond and beyond she went, following the clouds in the brightness of the day. She went through new lands with stones that hurt her feet and briars that pricked her. She knew the hurt of storms and hail, the terror when the clouds massed together for darkness. The clouds betrayed her. The day was gone, and she failed to return to the meadow.

The girl lay down on the dull ground where only stones existed, and fell asleep. She slept on and on. The clouds hung still and heavy. And the winds howled and blew leaves to cover her.

Then she awoke.

"I will travel one more day." she said, "and stop at noon." She travelled on in her westward way with the sun bright overhead. Through valleys and across mountains and the lands of the sea she went until a softness under her feet told her of the land of the daisies; and the lily appeared.

"You have been gone long," the lily said. "You must promise never to travel west again."

"I promise," the girl said.

But—she wasn't a girl any longer. With all her days of travel she had grown to be a woman as fair and beautiful as the lily herself.

HERE I AM, LORD, USE ME

Nixeon Civille Handy

God does not always choose
the worthiest vessel
in man's opinion to be
the bearer of his love.
He often uses life's discards
to work his will, Christmas
was in a stable.

THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

Celestine M. Gormes

THROUGH the eyes of the beholder many a vast wonder unfolds, to see the world in all its splendor, beauty, and at the same time its ugliness.

Peering out as though for the first time at God's still but ever-present hand, one sees a work of art—a work, however, that no artist can reconstruct no matter how great he or she may be.

The eye beholds the lakes, streams, rivers, oceans, in the beauty of their stillness and unrippled waters, and visualizes them in their turbulent stages as well.

The eye beholds the hills, plains, plateaus, valleys, and mountains and dreams many dreams while deciding whether to gaze in awe at them or to attempt to surmount them.

The eye beholds the rich earth, the green grass, the beautiful flowers, the many many trees, sights so overwhelming that words do them little justice.

The eye beholds the sun, the moon, the stars, and the sky. The sky with its many changing forms, clouds large or small, at one time or another with rain falling from it, or snow, sleet, or hail, or just clear blue with the warm rays of the sun beaming down on mankind. The moon shining brightly. The stars shining nightly.

The eye of the beholder sees corruption, too, and a devastating waste of our beautiful world—such a pity. Mankind strips natural resources at a rate faster than natural reproduction. Vandalism and litter throughout the nations. Utter thoughtlessness and lack of proper respect for beauty, for God's creation. With all the waste and thoughtlessness of mankind, however, God continues to reproduce these beauties, anyhow.

How wonderful, great, and mighty our God is to create such a beautiful world for His children to live in. For to behold all of this is surely a blessing from the Lord.

*

OUT OF THE DARK

Clarence L. Weaver

Out of the dark and the fetters of time,
Hands reaching up to a far-distant Sun,
We struggle with feet that are mired in clay,
As we seek for a path to the Nameless One.

The clang of our chains we intone as a hymn;
The book that we clutch bears the dirge of dead tongues;
Of the litany stamped on our bleak, walled-in minds
We make sophistic chant from our near-stifled lungs.

But the rays of God's Truth shine eternally on,
Awaiting the time when the skies will be clear
Of the vapors arising from man-centered thoughts,
Superstitious beliefs and his dragons of fear.

Let us fill in the quagmires and lowlands of will
Till our feet are set firm on the Path that is sure;
It is then we can reach for the Timeless Day-Star
With hands that are steady toward goals that are pure.

Transcending our wills our desires and our fears,
One-pointedly seeking for Truth and for Light,
We will stir up a wind that will sweep the sky clean,
Revealing the rays of the Star to our sight.

Then as we learn from the pages of God
The anthems of Brotherhood, Joy, and sweet Peace,
We will throw off the shackles that bind us to earth
And move with a winging and gladsome release.

BOOK REVIEW by Betty Miller Daly

Three Magic Words by U. S. Anderson, Wilshire Book Company, 8721 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. 90060. Price: $2.00 plus postage and handling.

MY spiritual pilgrimage had slowed, and I scanned the horizon for direction. Then, one day as I waited for someone kept late at a meeting, I, by boredom or fate, wandered in to a small bookstore and in among the paperbacks found a book entitled *Three Magic Words*. How trite to use such a title! But something urged me to buy it, and the book guided me on a mental and spiritual voyage.

I read. I couldn't stop reading, even though the author encouraged readers to ingest each chapter slowly. My first reaction to the title was blown away; indeed, no other title could fit. They *were* magic words! I had found a magic carpet to take me sailing on an exciting journey high over rough terrain that might otherwise have taken lifetimes to travel.

I reread. I ordered copies for my family and friends. All must share this experience.

A longtime friend, whom I seldom see, was given a copy. On his next visit, a year later, I inquired how he had liked it. Apologetically he said it had meant very little to him. I saw him the next year. In the interim he had reread it and, as a result, had ordered and given away two hundred copies. He was wrapped in its magic.

Three Magic Words can be deceptive on the first reading. But some readers catch the magic instantly and race through the 320 pages divided into twelve chapters. I do not plan to say here what the magic words are, but the book's jacket states it is about the greatest idea in the world, a splendid secret revealed in just three words—an idea so simple, so startling, so wonderful that it can start you on an adventure that will open to you everything you ever wanted. I found that whether I read it by sentence, by page, by chapter, or in its entirety, each portion offered a complete

message.

I could close by saying: try it, you'll like it—if not on first reading, then surely on the second. I feel obligated, however, to issue this warning: reading this book may become a form of addiction and result in an altered state of conscuousness.

THE DUST WE ARE

Gordon Shoemaker

Idols will disappear
The graven image of sin
Then what we see or hear
In this cacophonous world
Must be endlessly endured
Through art which enlightens.

Conversations with friends
A view of mountains
A child's face, the eternal
Stars fixed in their spheres
These must suffice
These must remain.

The dust we are
Needs no embellishing.

GYPSY PYROMANIAC *Helen Pisarelli Lombardi*

Autumn is here, a gypsy pyromaniac,
Threatening to set summer's handcraft on fire.
Fruit weighted boughs turn trees into huge lyre
And wind's pizzicato touch plucks riotous colors
Before winter blends hues for his pearly tableaux.

A CELEBRATION OF LOVE *(Continued from page 18)*

What did they see? I *had* to know. There was *something* in that manger—something wonderful that had not been there before. It seemed brighter than the morning sun, yet it did not scorch with its heat. I had to see. I had to know. I had to become part of the glory.

Before I knew what I was about, I was trying to scramble up the side of the manger. A rough hand lifted and dropped me into the straw. I cannot explain what happened after that—and if I could, you would not believe it. I seemed to move within a circle of light and warmth—within a probing core of love—and then I brushed against the curled fingers of a child. And what a child he was, smiling in his sleep, unaware of those who knelt about his humble bed. . . .

The light, the comfort of the small body, the peace—and it must have been peace, for there was no fear—lulled my senses. It was some time before I noticed the straw vibrating around me, before I heard the deep, rumbling notes of a strange music. I could almost believe I had heard that sound before, but with an undetermined difference.

Something soft and very dark, like the cloudy shadow of the mother's hair, moved beside me and I looked up into the smiling face of the cat. She was so close, her breathing stirred my fur, yet I knew no fear, for a dove of peace nested in her eyes too. She turned three times and settled at the feet of the child.

Gently—oh ever so gently—she drew me close with the sheathed curve of her paw, until I rested against her breast. The chords of rumbling music rose and fell, rose and fell in a celebration of love—and then I slept.

If one does not know what meditation is, true meditation, I think one misses everything in life. —Krishnamurti

PETALS OF BELIEF

William Walter De Bolt

I borrow logic from the Sadducee
And view the resurrection as a play
Of futile words to make some final day
Far easier for moist eyes to agree
And focus with illusion. History
Negates such visions. It is not the way
Of valid prophecy. The ages say
The argument adorns credulity.

Yet when rare daffodils return once more
Young and aflame with life above the tomb
Where listlessness and cold and silence swore
Of late to be the trinity of gloom,
I pause and, like a poet, nature's thief,
Beg from their beauty petals of belief.

EDITORIAL *(Continued from page 6)*

only recently. Looking at it with fresh eyes, I am able to see it clearly and gratefully. It cannot be created by us and our wills and desires. It is a gift to us. It is, I feel certain, the presence of God.

God bestows it on us when and as it suits rather than when we suppose we need or deserve it. It is a feeling, all but indescribable, that allows me to celebrate the complex reality of creation. It is a feeling that Jesus celebrated more than anyone else born on this earth. It is the Christmas-present given us every day of the year once we have put aside our embattled egos and wills and gone back to the confident patience of our childhood. —P.G.

A man without Meditation is away, far away, from the purpose of his creation. —Daniel Webster

BATH OF BLESSING

Kelly Janes

It happened seventy years ago
In Russian, Austrian or Prussian Poland.
My protagonist was then five years old.

She had already seen six or a dozen
Babies baptized, just inside the door
Of the meetinghouse, at a low font

Where the priest knelt while the infant
Being baptized was often old enough to stand.
In and out of that door my heroine played

Every day almost. One day she caught
A mouse staggering into church. Caressing
It in priestly fashion, she found it infested

With lice. Taking it firmly in her left
Hand, she poured with her right
From pitcher to font, then she baptized

The beastie by immersion.
It basked in liquid comfort while she washed
The lice away. When she released

It, the mouse, squeaking its gratitude,
Ran in under the pews.
The priest, having observed

The ceremony from halfway up
To the altar, now came, rinsed
Out and reconsecrated the font,

After slapping the little girl's hinder
Gently, but strongly enough to send her
Toward home and her immaculate mother.

NOTICES AND COMMENT

DEATH OF ADVISOR. We sorrowfully report the death of Mrs. Emmy Lou Schweigert Kutch, of Fort Smith, Arkansas. She was a member of the Fellowship since 1951 and an Advisor in the Southern Zone for many years. Our sympathy is extended to her husband.

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